

lines

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30588197) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30588197>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Phone Sex , Dick Pics , Mutual Masturbation , Dirty Talk
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-10 Words: 2280

lines

by [girlband](#)

Summary

“At this rate, you’re going to show me every part of your body before you actually show me your face.”

George hadn’t meant it as a challenge.

Notes

inspired by the iconic feet pics stream (not actually feet pics kink, sry to disappoint)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ever since George first met him, Dream has been inconsistent with his privacy. He’ll unashamedly tell the story of his first kiss at the Nickelodeon resort hot tub but will still get flustered when George calls him by his real name. He’ll laugh publicly over baby pics that show his face but will freak when he thinks his mum privately sent George recent ones.

Dream stripped out of his shirt one time and spent five minutes on FaceTime with George to see if he could spot the birthmark on his back. George tried not to get distracted by the smooth line of his skin. The great expanse of it.

He said, “At this rate, you’re going to show me every part of your body before you actually show me your face.”

Dream laughed. George hadn't meant it as a challenge.

After that, Dream shows George even more of himself. George wakes up to snaps of Dream lying in bed with his bare legs tangled in the sheets, a close up of the juncture between Dream's neck and shoulder that makes George want to take a bite, a picture of his bare chest still dripping wet from his morning swim.

It's fine. Their lines are blurring and George takes more cold showers than normal, but it's fine. He can deal.

Then Dream gets risky with it and starts sending pictures to George while he's on stream.

"Yeah, he is sending me feet pics," George tells everyone. He's trying to downplay it. Inside, he's screaming. It's not even that George finds feet pics hot. It's that Dream is far across the North Atlantic Ocean taking these pictures for him. Only him. "That is kind of weird, I don't know why he's doing that."

Dream's oblivious to George's inner turmoil. He says, "I sent you more feet pics."

George sighs, loudly, excessively. He takes a moment to collect himself and opens the snap. This one makes him laugh. It's the tips of Dream's toes peeking in from the bottom of the picture. Artistic. Alluring. Dream wheezes. George places his hand over his face.

"Let me zoom in on this feet pic," he jokes. Dream's cackling so hard George's own throat hurts. "Imagine they can, like, see the reflection in my eye."

The final blow is when George thinks the battle's already over. His phone lights up with a notification. "Okay, Dream sent me something else," George says. He expects it to be funny like the last one. He opens the snap. He's wrong, fatally. His face flushes. "DREAM," he yells, "like... what if people can see that?"

In the picture, Dream's lying back on his bed, his white bed sheets messy beneath him. To be fair, his feet are in the pic. They're connected to his bony ankles and the long line of his bare legs. The pink tip of his dick is just visible at the bottom of the frame.

"They can't, you idiot," Dream says, dying of laughter, like he didn't just implode George's brain. Bros just being bros here. Sending dick pics to each other live in front of 40,000 viewers.

After they end the stream, George says, "I can't believe you sent me that pic while I was live."

"I don't see what's the big deal," Dream says, still laughing about it. "You've done a foot reveal before."

And unlisted the video on my channel. "I wasn't talking about your feet," George says.

"What? Do you mean my legs? I've shown them to you before."

George can pick up confusion in Dream's voice that's real. "Dream, did you look at the picture before you sent it to me?"

"Uh, of course. I literally laid on my bed and took off my—my pants to take it."

It's the stutter and the silence after that lets George know Dream has realised.

So, apparently, the dick pic was an accident.

George's face flushes. Accident or not, it'll be seared into his brain whenever he closes his eyes for the next decade. "It's a good pic if that's what you were going for."

Dream scoffs. "That's not a good pic."

They're one step away from reaching the line. "Yeah?" George prompts.

"Yeah," Dream says. A pause. "Maybe I'll show you one day."

George gulps.

The line? Officially crossed.

Nothing really changes after that stream. It's not like George is disappointed. He isn't. He's not hovering around his phone waiting for Dream to send him a snap. So what if his best friend offered to show him a good dick pic? That's just bro talk. He probably meant for, like, feedback.

"Jesus fuck," Sapnap says, apropos to nothing. They're planning their next video for George's channel. George and Dream shut up from where they were bickering. "Can you guys just fuck already? I can't deal with this tension anymore."

He drops out of the voice call.

There's radio silence for a moment. "That was weird, right?" Dream says.

"Yeah," George agrees. "Weird."

So maybe there have been some changes. George is learning a lot these days. For one, he's learning that cold showers can stop being effective if you're horny enough. For two, he's learning that Dream is such a fucking tease.

They eventually coax Sapnap back into the call. They treat him like a frightened foal. Except instead of luring him with carrots, they lure him with the promise of *not having to third-wheel your fucking foreplay*. His words, not theirs. Whatever that means.

"George, I got the hoodie you sent me," Dream says, towards the end of the call. They already have an idea planned out. Everyone's attention is drifting. Tired.

"Oh really?" George says, voice slurring. His head is lolling on the back of his computer chair. "Is that what you're wearing right now?"

There's a loud noise from Sapnap's side of the call. He yells and then says something, but his voice is muffled like he took off his headset and stepped away. It sounded like, *Oh fuck no, he asked him what he was wearing*. "Alright, I'm out," Sapnap says, voice back at full volume. "Your promise lasted, like, two hours. Goodnight."

He drops out of the call again before any of them can speak.

"Anyway," Dream says, after a beat. He's ignoring it. Dream sometimes has a one-track mind. George wonders why for this. "I am wearing it right now. I sent you a snap. Have you seen it?"

George checks his phone. There's a new Snapchat notification there from Dream. He opens it and his breath hitches. He has no control over it.

Dream's wearing his hoodie, the GeorgeNotFound logo branded in the centre of his chest. The hoodie has ridden up past Dream's belly button. George gets a peek of the smooth lines of Dream's abs. He wants to trace the lines with his tongue and taste the salt of his skin.

"It looks good on you," George says, voice raspy, parched. His cock throbs. "You moved to your bed." He's fixated on the way the sheets look bunched beneath Dream's waist.

"I did," Dream says. "You should too."

George listens. He rearranges so he can lie on his bed and keep talking to Dream. He palms himself, once. Just to stave off the urge. "What else are you wearing?"

"Why?" Dream asks. "Why are you asking me what I'm wearing, George?"

"I need to know what you're pairing my merch with," George says. The excuse is flimsy even to his own ears.

Dream doesn't question it. "I'm just chilling," he says. "I'm wearing your hoodie and sweats. Grey sweatpants." A pause. "Nothing underneath."

See? Fucking tease.

George can hear Dream's breathing across the line. He's so goddamn out of his mind even that makes him horny.

"Show me," George says, brazen.

There's silence from Dream. For one moment, George is afraid that he stepped too far across the boundary line. Then he gets another Snapchat notification on his phone.

This picture is similar to the one Dream sent when George was on stream. It's the same set up except this time his long legs are covered in grey sweats and the angle is higher. Dream's hand is there, fingers wrapped around his cock through his sweatpants. The outline of it is almost fully visible.

"Fuck," George breathes. His mouth is watering. He hears Dream across the line suck in a breath.

"Is this what you meant?" Dream asks. His voice sounds deeper. The timbre of it goes straight to George's dick. His hand twitches with the need to touch.

"No," George says. He's gagging for it. It feels like he's never wanted anything more than to see Dream's dick. He's pushed his own shirt up, right hand aimlessly running up and down his belly. His fingers dip under the waistband of his sweats. "Show me more."

"Wanna see my cock that bad, huh?" Dream asks.

"You promised me a good pic," George says. He'll beg if he has to.

"I don't think I promised, actually," Dream says. He's not unaffected. George can hear his laboured breathing.

Are you touching yourself? George wants to ask. "Show me anyway," he says.

“What are you going to do when I show you?” Dream asks. “Are you gonna touch yourself?” His breath hitches. “I’m touching myself.”

“Fuck, Dream,” George whines. He gives in and pushes his hand into his sweats. He grabs his cock, and pumps. Once, twice. He’s rock hard already.

“That’s better,” Dream says. “I can hear you.”

George gets another notification. He nearly drops his phone in his haste to open it. He swears. Dream laughs.

Dream’s cock is right there in front of him. Finally. George wants to commit the image to his memory. Tattoo it to every single one of his thoughts. Dream’s hand is at the base of his dick, holding it up. It’s hard, leaning slightly to the left. George wants to press his face against it and taste the precome leaking from the tip.

“So fucking pretty,” George says, unbidden. There’s no option but the truth now. He can barely form sentences. He’s semi-delirious. His hand is moving on its own, up and down his cock, chasing the high.

Dream moans, loud and guttural. It’s the best fucking sound George has ever heard.

“What would you do if you were here, George? If I showed you in person. Would you drop down on your knees for me?”

“Yeah,” George says. He digs his toes into his bed sheets. Lifts his hips to fuck his dick into his fist. “I’d do whatever you want me to.”

“Would you let me fuck your face? You called my cock pretty when you’re the prettiest one here.”

“I would,” George says. He slips a finger into his mouth. Sucks on it for a second. “I’d let you.”

“Would you let me come on it? Paint your pretty face with my come?”

George groans. He’s delirious with want. He can imagine it so vividly in his head. Dream above him, just taking. Grabbing his hair and fucking his face. Dream’s thick cock hitting the back of his throat. He’s drooling. He slips two more fingers into his mouth, mumbles a *yes* with his mouth full.

“Fuck,” Dream says, voice breaking.

They breathe in tandem down the line. If George strains his ears, he can hear it—Dream’s bed squeaking, his hand furiously jacking off his dick, Dream’s breath uneven in his ears.

“Are you close?” George asks. He can feel his own climax nearing. He wants to hear Dream’s voice as he reaches it.

“Yeah,” Dream says, “I’m so close thinking about you. Imagining you here with your lips around my cock. You’d look so pretty. You’d do so well. Someone so desperate like you. I’ve been teasing you for so long now. You’d probably beg for it.”

That’s the tipping point. George moans, lifts his hips up off the bed and comes hard. He paints white streaks all along his stomach.

Dream follows shortly after. George listens to Dream come and desperately wants to see it. Is Dream still wearing George’s hoodie? Did he get come all over the front of it? Would he let

George lick it clean? The thought of it makes his soft dick twitch.

Afterwards, they listen to each other's laboured breaths, slowing down.

"Was that okay?" Dream asks, sounding satisfied.

"Yeah," George says. He's smiling just thinking about it. "Better than okay. That was a good dick pic." He laughs suddenly at the thought. "You really are going to show me every part of your body before you show me your face. We'll really get to that point."

Dream laughs. "Maybe we will." He yawns. "I'm so fucking tired now. Night, George. I'll talk to you in the morning?"

It's not night-time for either of them. They've synchronised their fucked up sleep schedules again. It's 9 a.m. in the morning for him. 4 a.m. in the morning for Dream.

He's exhausted. "Yeah, goodnight Dream," George says, anyway, and then hangs up.

A few minutes later, when George is on the edge of sleep, his phone lights up.

It's a Snapchat notification from Dream. George opens it, tired and unsuspecting. He's wide awake again once he sees what it is. Dream always sends out his worst when George is least expecting it.

It's a picture of Dream in his bed. He's still in George's hoodie but this time he's lying down on his chest. The picture is positioned so that George just sees from where the hoodie ends mid-back to the slope leading to the curves of Dream's ass. Fucking tease.

The caption reads, "We'll get there."

End Notes

peripherally aware that dream was in fact sending george porn and not feet pics during that stream but this fic had already embedded itself into my brain

first fic in the fandom! pls drop a comment or a kudos if you liked it! ♥

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!